

## An Unlikely Dance

by arian

Category: Final Fantasy VIII

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Quistis T., Seifer A.

Status: Completed

Published: 2000-06-17 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-17 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:25:50

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,300

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Quistis thinks back on her feelings for Squall and gets an unlikely offer

## An Unlikely Dance

> <meta name="ProgId"> An Unlikely Dance

An Unlikely Dance.

By Arian

Author's note: This fic is the result of a completely random line of thought at 12:30am. Yeah. That's it. That's my defence. I think I might just dedicate this fic to Lady Gizmo who is unquestionably the most Seifer-obsessed person I've ever met and has been really nice to me and put my fics on her page, etc. By the way, this fic is set right after the camcorder style bit at the end of FF8.

Quistis Trepe sat alone at a small table in the corner of the ballroom. She watched as Squall and Rinoa walked back in from the balcony, hand in hand, smiling.

The small orchestra struck up another waltz and Quistis watched as they started to dance. Not a tremor showed on her face. Not a hint of what she was feeling. As always, she sat unmoving and regal, an icy silence around her that not even Cid and Edea would venture to intrude upon.

From this short distance away, she could still see the smile on Squall's face as he leaned over to whisper something to the dark-haired girl he danced with.

\_I have never seen him smile before. Never. Why couldn't I be the one to do that? Why couldn't he have smiled for me? \_Her face remained completely expressionless, her thoughts not bitter, just regretful.

\_Did you know I've loved you for as long as I can remember? Oh, \_why\_ can't that be me? I want to be there, dancing with you like that.\_

She allowed a wistful sigh to escape her lips, her eyes still fixed on Squall and her fingers almost twitching to brush his hair out of his eyes.

\_You need someone happy, Squall. Someone who can keep you laughing. You need her wit and her bubbly attitude to life, not my dark thoughts. You were meant for each other.\_

\_ Perhaps if I'd said something or done things differently then it \_would\_ have been me dancing up there, your eyes on me, only me. No. I don't think so. Something stronger than mere chance pushed you and her together. Fate had a hand in this.\_

Motionless as a statue, no one would have disturbed the tall, blonde woman in her solitude. No one would have dared— except him. The brash one. The loud, outspoken and above all arrogant Seifer Almay. He had been readmitted to Garden that very evening and many people were still wary of the ex-Sorceress' Knight, but not Quistis and the rest of the group that had travelled with Squall. They knew for certain that he was no longer a threat.

Now the tall figure sauntered over to her table and carelessly threw himself into a chair, pulling another seat out so he could put his feet up.

Quistis glared at him for the intrusion but he seemed oblivious.

"Well now, if it isn't Instructor Trepe." he said casually.

"I'm no longer an instructor." She answered curtly, trying to ignore Seifer, her eyes seeking Squall.

Seifer frowned slightly at that, then followed her gaze. "Ah, my rival." He commented, with a profound respect in his voice. The antagonism between himself and Squall had always gone far beyond hatred. He had seen the talent Squall possessed and deemed him the only one \_worth\_ fighting.

"Not anymore." Quistis looked up sharply. "You don't need to fight him anymore."

"No." Seifer swung his legs down off the chair and sat forwards. "We don't need to fight anymore." He said slowly, thoughtfully. "I think— he may be better than me. A better warrior, a better knight." The concept of defeat was still new to him and it took some getting used to. It was not something that had ever concerned him before.

Seifer watched, slightly amused, as Quistis' gaze was drawn back to Squall. "You can't spend your whole life watching Squall, to catch him in case he trips up." He smirked knowingly at her as she sat fuming at him, then he threw his head back and laughed loudly, drawing stares.

"Oh life is going to be \_so\_ dull without being able to fight with

Squall. Still, there's always chicken-wuss, even if it is a one-sided fight." His blue eyes sparkled with mischief. "I'm sure I can find something to do that'll amuse me."

"Did you come over here for a reason, Seifer, or was it simply to annoy me?" Quistis asked pointedly, hoping that he would take the hint.

At that, he appeared to sober up and leaned across the table. "I'm sorry that you're not an instructor anymore. You were good. You taught me, didn't you?" He said earnestly.

Quistis stared silently at him for a time, surprised. "Thank you." She answered eventually, grateful for the unlikely compliment.

Seifer pushed himself up quite suddenly and looked around. "I think I'd like to dance." He announced, then chuckled a little to himself at the thought.

"I didn't think dancing was your scene, Seifer." Quistis raised an eyebrow. "But I'm sure one of your posse will oblige."

"You should try everything once." He told her seriously. "And as for my posse, Fujin isn't dressed for the occasion and Raijinâ€¦" He laughed again, just thinking about that, then his face grew serious and he looked appraisingly at Quistis for a moment.

Leaning down low, he extended one hand, palm up, towards her.

"Miss Trepe, would you like to dance?"

Quistis stared at him in amazement. "Iâ€¦ can't dance." She confessed.

"Neither can I." He grinned, eyes twinkling.

Her hand hovered above his for just a moment, her eyes flickering back to Squall. Let go, Quistis. He has Rinoa now. "Yes." She said firmly, surprising herself. "I would like that very much."

She let Seifer lead her onto the dance floor, to the centre of things, where she had never been.

"How does this dance go, do you think?" He asked thoughtfully.

"I really have no idea!" She laughed out loud until tears fell down her cheeks and they spun around the room, managing to tread not only on each other's feet, but on everybody else's as well. Quistis smiled, relaxing for the first time in years, able to stop worrying about Squall for the first time in a long time. Finally able to let him go and live for herself again.

Squall turned from Rinoa for a moment and watched as the woman who had been his instructor and the man who had only recently stopped being his arch-rival stumbled past, crashing into almost every couple on the dance floor. They were both laughing hysterically, as if drunk, and appeared to be having a wonderful time wrecking everybody else's dance.

"What's that about?" he frowned a little, amazed at Quistis' behaviour.

Rinoa watched for a long while, smiling, before answering. "It's a start."

Sorry, I just have this thing about pairing people up. It seemed like quite a good idea. Not sure if either of them are very in character, but it's kinda fun this way. Seifer's caring side? Hmmm. Anyhow, hoped you liked it, e-mail me!

Part of "Little Gidding" by T. S. Eliot

What we call the beginning is often the end

And to make an end is to make a beginning.

The end is where we start from.

End  
file.